

WEEKLY OR, LADIES'

VISITOR;



"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

[VOL. IV.

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MARTINA.

In presenting our fair readers with the following pathetic relation, we well know that we shall beguile them of their tears—But when does the cheek of beauty look more lovely, than when weeping for the sorrows of an afflicted fellow creature?

—“To weep is our prerogative;
To show, by pitying looks and melting eyes,
How with a suff'ring friend we sympathise.”

****WHEN Dives and the Philanthropist Hayward were left alone, the latter, after a struggle in which he seemed sensibly moved, began thus:—“I am come, Mr. Dives, to talk to you on a subject of the most delicate nature. I have always had a very strong aversion to any thing like an interference in the concerns of any man's family; but a circumstance has occurred in your's, which has lately much employed my thoughts, and deeply interested my heart. If I am growing at all impudent, a word from you shall check me. Am I to proceed, or shall I here desist?”

Dives assuring him, that he had by far too high an opinion of him, to look on any thing he could say as presuming or impudent. Hayward, after colouring, and breathing very hard for a few minutes, resumed the thread of his discourse. “I am convinced that there is no philosophy so dangerous to society as the lat. liberal theory, which has endeavoured to explain away right and wrong, confound

virtue with vice, and mercy, the attribute of Heaven, with the whimpering forgiveness of a school-boy. Yet, still there may be palliating circumstances, when the wanderer has strayed from the path of rectitude; has been hunted through the world with guilt, infamy, and want. When tears of true penitence have galled the cheek of the wretched sinner, the arms of a father may afford that shelter a husband's honour would forbid him from offering. Your daughter was not married;* her crime and her punishment mostly related to herself. I see the tears filling your eyes, Mr. Dives; those tears convince me that you are a man and that you are a father.”

Every nerve in the frame of poor Dives began to shake; every fibre trembled with an ecstasy which bordered upon pain; big dews stood upon his forehead, his face was pale, and his lips quivered as

* Betrothed to a man whom she loved, Martina had been guilty of an imprudent weakness, when her relations, thirsting after money, commanded her to abandon him, in order to marry a richer and nobler man. By that order, the poor girl was confined with a brain-fever to her chamber. She had talked wildly, but her parents were ignorant of the fatal cause of her malady. Soon she escaped, unperceived, from her apartment, leaving in it the following billet:

“To my dear parents,

“Reason has returned, would it had never done so! Oh, Heaven! I can never again look you in the face! Seek not to trace my steps: I would die for your happiness, but indeed I can never see you more. God bless you!”

he faintly exclaimed—“Oh, God! Mr. Hayward, whither do you lead my fancy? What would you say?” Hayward filled him a glass of cold water, which, after Mr. Dives had taken, he declared himself much more composed, and begged for the speedy explanation of the speech he had so mysteriously commenced.—“You had a daughter, Sir.”—“Alas, I had!”—“And have one still.” Mr. Dives begged him, as he prized his happiness, his reason and his peace, not to deal longer in these dark hints, but to let him know the whole undisguised truth.—“I will,” said Hayward; ‘this poor lamb, which has so long strayed from the fold, I have at length found; but I have found her emaciated by illness, and bending to the grave under the combined influence of guilt and shame. Arm your heart, and mind for a scene which will put your fortitude to the hardest test to which humanity can be exposed: alas! she cannot live!—Not live? Oh, my poor girl! Wretch that I am! Savage that I have been*!—Be calm, Mr. Dives; she has declared, that a father's blessing would rob death of every terror, and deprive pain of all its agonies. I thought too,

* Often, however, had Dives lamented the effect of his boasted policy, of his covetous heart: often had he lamented his having broken the heart of a daughter, and destroyed every domestic joy for money. He advertised his child, and solicited her return in the most affectionate manner, but all in vain. Day after day had rolled heavily on, and no news of his lost child had arrived to gladden the heart of the miserable Dives.

that you would feel some consolation from pouring your benediction on the head of this poor, broken hearted, fallen one. Thus I have not suffered poor Martina to die unknown to you."

Hearing that his daughter lay desperately ill, at a small town in Oxfordshire, Mr. Dives got instantly into a chaise with Hayward, and drove away.

During the journey, Hayward recited the means by which he had recovered the long-lost Martina to her anxious and impatient father. He communicated to him this intelligence in the following words :

While I was travelling through Oxfordshire, my attention was attracted, my curiosity and my feelings very much interested, with the many accounts I heard of a very singular young woman, who had been a long time the common subject of conversation through the whole of that county. She generally made her appearance at a lesser inn, at about 11 o'clock at night; her countenance was said to be extremely beautiful, though her eyes were wild to an appearance of delirium; her clothes bore the mark of former gentility, and were always remarkably clean, but so ragged that, on a windy day, they fluttered with every blast, and were agitated by every passing breeze! her fine hair flowed wildly down her back, and her white skin was terribly defaced with thorns and briars. She carried a large bundle in her arms, from which she would suffer no one to relieve her, and betrayed signs of the most violent agitation, if any body attempted to examine the contents. When she came to the inn, she seated herself by the kitchen fire, placed the bundle on her knee, and wept and sobbed over it for some moments, with the most passionate expressions of tenderness. She then began to sing aloud, in a tone so wild, so shrill, and yet so melodious, that the most savage hearts were softened at her mad ditties, and the rough labourer melted at

her sorrows, and offered her the alms she invariably refused, with expressions of wounded pride and mortified vanity.

She generally commanded respect wherever she went. Once, a brute, in human shape, used some coarse words to her, as she sat warming her hands on a wood fire, in a little solitary public house, upon a wild moor; yet, though the night was dark and rainy, she snatched up her bundle, and, darting a look of contempt upon the savage who had insulted her misery, fearlessly exposed herself to all the inclemency of the elements! She carried an incomprehensible charm about her, which made her beloved and respected as soon as she was seen, and pitied before she was known. There was not a master or mistress of an inn, within forty miles round, who had not a bed for the mad girl, (such was the name by which she was known) whenever her melancholy wanderings chanced to lead her to their house.

I heard so much of this daughter of sorrow, that my heart yearned to see her—to soothe her—and to learn the story of her sufferings. Heaven heard my prayer, and was most mercifully pleased to grant it.

I arrived late at an inn, one night, and was sitting down to a solitary meal, when a voice struck upon my ear, which thrilled upon my very heart-strings; the tone was so melancholy, yet so loud and shrill, that I felt the most sympathetic sadness I had ever experienced in the whole course of my life. The tears ran like rain down my cheeks, and my heart heaved with swelling emotions, more violent, yet more soft, than any I had ever felt before! I enquired of the waiter the meaning of those extraordinary sounds?

[To be concluded in our next.]

The more one speaks of himself the less he likes to hear another talked of.

FOR THE W. VISITOR.

THE INVITATION.

PARAPHRASED FROM SAPPHO.

O Venus, thou celestial fair!
On silken pinions, light as air,
Come...to my cottage wing your way
Just at the closing of the day,
There unto scenes of joy awake,
And of the richest fruits partake.
You'll see the brimming goblet shine
With nectar from the choicest vine.
Come... quickly come! the guests are few,
They burn to gain a sight of you...
For there sweet goddess, none you'll see,
Save friends of Venus and of me.

X. Y. Z.

IMPROMPTU.

Ah! sweet Emilia 'did you know
The cruel pangs which I endure,
On me you'd soon your heart bestow,
And thus perform the wish'd-for care.

X. Y. Z.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

PROCRASTINATION.

THE evil of procrastination, is perhaps one of the worst which the folly of mankind have introduced into the world.—There is no part of our conduct which it does not affect, and that too, fatally. But as we are apt lightly to consider the evils flowing from any cause when they are remote, so the effects of procrastination, because they do not immediately strike us, are seldom thought of. For this reason therefore, it is the more dangerous, and ought to teach us a degree of caution which should be commensurate with it.

It is a wise saying, defer not that until the morrow, which may be done to day. The morrow may never arrive; or if it arrives we shall not then be more disposed to set ourselves about it than now. To calculate on the morrow is vain presumption.

God has set a limit to our life, and we know not until we arrive at it, how near

we are to it. We have no right to expect that our lives will continue to us, when our friends and acquaintances are summoned hence; cut off in the midst of their enjoyments; forming schemes for their future conduct, and looking forward with pleasing expectancy to a life of satisfaction and pleasure.—We, like them, are exposed to the destroyer's power. Death's cold hand is ever ready to assail us, and bear us off with ghastly triumph to the grave. This reflection should teach us wisdom.—It should teach us to distrust that fatal security which we persuade ourselves is our's, and which will most assuredly prove the bane of our felicity. But if our lives should be prolonged, how foolish and inconsistent is our conduct! How can we tell that we shall then be better fitted for, or more disposed to the performance of our duty than now. The same causes which operate now, may operate then—we may feel the same indisposition to begin the work, or the same hopes may persuade us to defer it still to another time. Life will then be as dear to us as before, and the same delusive dream of some distant period, will again flatter us into a false security. Death will find us still the same unwilling victim. Let us not then be deceived. The prospect now is clear and cloudless. The ocean of futurity which is spread before us, is smooth and unruffled. How narrow and contracted is our sight! who can tell, but in those distant regions which the mist of time conceals from the human ken, storms and tempests rage with increasing fury. Trust not then to such uncertainty.

Learn that the present time, is that only, which truly we can call our own. In it should be done all that we have to do.

C.

EVERY great, rich, and consequential man, who has not the wisdom to hold his tongue, must enjoy his privilege of talking, and there must be dull fellows to listen to him; again, if by talking about

what he does not understand, he gets into embarrassments, there must be clever fellows to help him out of them: when he would be merry, there must be witty rogues to make him laugh; when he would be sorrowful, there must be sad rogues to sigh and groan and make long faces: as a great man must be never in the wrong, there must be hardy rascals who will swear he is always in the right: as he must never show fear, of course he must never see danger; and as his courage must at no time sink, there must be friends at all times ready to prevent its being tried.

Cumberland.

To our male readers we submit the following ELEGANT EXTRACT.—The sentiments are beautiful, and bear a strong similitude to those of the inimitable STERNE.

THE female mind is naturally credulous, affectionate, and, in its attachment, ardent. If, in her peculiar situation, her assiduities must be deemed in any degree culpable, let us remember that this is but a frail vessel of refined clay. When the awful record of her errors is enrolled, may that sigh which was breathed for the misery of a fellow-mortal, waft away the scroll, and the tears which flowed for the calamities of others, float the memorial down the stream of oblivion!

On the errors of women let us look with the allowance and humanity of men. Enchanting woman! thou balm of life! soother of sorrow! solace of the soul! How dost thou lessen the load of human misery, and lead the wretched into the valley of delight!—Without thee, how heavily would men drag through a dreary world! but if the white hand of a fascinating female be twined round his arm, how joyous, how lightly doth he trip along the path!

That warm and tender friend, who, in the most trying situations, retains her fondness, and in every change of fortune preserves unabated love, ought to be em-

braced as the first benison of Heaven—the completion of earthly happiness. Let man draw such a prize in the lottery of life, and glide down the stream of existence with such a partner, neither the cold averted eye of a summer friend, nor the frowns of an adverse fortune, should produce a pang, nor excite a murmur.

[*Ireland's Works.*]

DR. BEATTIE speaking of the admired author of the Spectator, says—“He who understood better than any other writer, the nature and province of true humor is ADDISON. Let those therefore, who wish to be fully instructed in this matter study him, and learn the practice. In his mirth there is nothing profane or impertinent. He is perfectly serious when he ought to be so: and his smiles, like those of INNOCENCE, though irresistably captivating, are ever inoffensive. He is not, *some think*, a *profound philosopher*, for he is always clear and luminous, rational, manly, and interesting. But, if writing be good in proportion as it is useful, and its noblest use be to improve the heart, refine the taste, and sweeten the temper, ADDISON IS OF ALL UNINSPIRED AUTHORS, AT LEAST, IN PROSE, THE BEST, AND THE MOST DELIGHTFUL.”

TIME, that moulders towering monuments into dust, and obliterates the memory of their existence, only serves to picture to our minds *bad acts* in more horrific forms. The pleasures of the world may strew flowers over them, but they cannot hide them. Adamant may hold its characters perfect for ages, yet they must wear out at last; but those engraven on the conscience Time does not efface, but with his scythe continually renews, and, at every fresh touch sinks deeper and deeper—they, as if written there in rubric, with the heart's blood, can only cease to be when that shall flow no more.

THE WEEKLY VISITOR;

To the Editor of the Weekly Visitor.

Sir,

Your attention to my last communication, has induced me to transcribe the following letter to a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN ! and hope you will insert it for the benefit of your fair readers.

PHILO.

DEAR MADAM,

AS you occupy a very handsome house, and are able to furnish it in a proper manner, will you excuse a friend who is anxious to give you a little advice on the subject ?

Your building being formed of the finest materials, it will shew in a moment, any flaw or spot that may accidentally tarnish the surface ; it is of a proper height, a well-proportioned size, and built on a regular plan.

On the top stands a turret, of a globular form, with two chrystral windows in front ; these are so constructed, as to command an extensive prospect, and, if always kept clear and bright, will prove of considerable utility, as well as a great ornament to the house : I advise you not to look through them at every object that passes, and above all things, I would have you shut them early at night, as many disagreeable circumstances happen from a neglect in this particular ; you may open them as early as you please in the morning.

On each side, I observe a small portal to receive company ; pray take care they do not always stand open ; as you will be crowded with visitors, and perhaps with some you may not like ; let them never be shut against your worthy parents, a sincere friend, or a fellow-creature in distress.

I took notice of one gate in the front, at which, all your company goes out ; in general, I recommend it to you to keep it closely barred, lest, should any bad characters be seen forth coming, you draw a scandal on your residence ; if at any

time, on necessary occasions, it should be opened, I would lay a strict injunction of watchfulness on the two porters, who stand as sentinels, in liveries of scarlet, just without the ivory palisade.

Some ill-advised people paint the two pannels, just below the windows ; an example which I hope you will shun, rather than follow.

This part of the edifice is supported by a pillar of Corinthian marble, whose base is ornamented with two semi-globes of alabaster, before which most prudent people draw a curtain of needle-work ; a practice of late years, strangely neglected by some, who, by such conduct, prove themselves grossly deficient in policy, propriety, and good taste.

Beneath, is the great hall, in which, I understand you have a small closet of exquisite workmanship ; this, I suppose, is the place of your secret retirement ; open to none but yourself, or some faithful friend : take care always to keep it clean, and furnished with a small, but well-chosen library of the best practical authors : enter it frequently, especially when you return from public worship, or from visiting your friends.

Avoid two opposite errors, which the owners of many houses fall into : let not the outside hall appear like the shop of an undertaker, fitting out a funeral, and crowded with gloomy objects, and woeful countenances, nor like a lord mayor's coach, bedaubed with gilding and finery ; let it be plain, neat, and always clean, to convince the world that you attend more to utility, than ornament.

You must not be surprised to find the tenement you inhabit, subject to decay and accident ; it is the common effect of time to efface beauty, and diminish strength ; during the short space you have already lived in it, repairs have been frequently wanted ; these, you must consider are plain intimations, that the house itself, in a certain number of years, will

fall, ' and like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind.'

If I recollect right, you are only a tenant at will, and may be turned out, with or without warning, for that was the condition on which it was let to you : be always ready, therefore, to go at a moment's notice, and be particularly careful to keep the furniture in the globular turret, and the contents of the little closet arranged in good order, that you may be able to lay your hand on them without perplexity or confusion.

It will be in vain to attempt to do it, as some have fancied they can, in the bustle and hurry of a sudden removal ; a neglect of this important precaution, has proved an irreparable injury to thousands.

Excuse this hasty epistle, pardon the liberty I have taken, and impute it to the warm zeal, and sincere attachment of

Your humble servant.

ANECDOTE OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

CORNEILLE LE BRUN, the Dutch painter, relates, that happening to dine one day, with other foreigners, at the table of Newton, when the dessert was served up, Newton proposed an " health to the man of every country, who believed in God." This was drinking the health of the whole human race. The belief in God is not the result of traditions, or of profound metaphysical disquisition only. It arises from the spectacle of nature simply. Newton, who pursued his researches into the laws of nature so profoundly, never pronounced the name of God without moving his hat ; and otherwise expressing the most devout respect. A poor Arabian of the desert, ignorant as most of the Arabians are, was one day asked how he came to be assured there was a God ?— ' In the same way,' replied he, ' that I am enabled to tell, by a print impressed on the sand, whether it was a man or beast that passed that way.'

From an English publication of sterling merit, we extract the following pleasant remarks, for the entertainment of our fair readers.

FASHIONABLE "SMALL TALK."

IT was a custom amongst the ancients at their entertainments, to have a harp carried round the table, and presented to every guest, which if any one refused, out of unskillfulness, he was considered as illiterate or ill-bred. Pindar, in one of his odes, alludes to this custom :

"Nor does his skilful hand refuse,
Acquaintance with the tuneful muse,
When round the mirthful board the harp is borne."

Du Halde, in his history of China, furnishes us with an extract from a Chinese author, who, enveighing against such as neglect their studies, adds, "these persons are most at a loss at the conclusion of a banquet. The plate and dice go round, that the number of little verses which every one ought to pronounce, may be determined by chance; when it comes to their turn, they appear quite stupid." It is really diverting to imagine what confusion such a fashion would raise, in our ordinary society, among our insipid women, monotonous politicians, and inveterate gamesters!—How they would join in protesting against the use of the poetical dice, and melodious instruments! But—cheer up—ye bucks, beaux, and belles. Inelegance and dullness have nothing to fear. "Pretty little small talk" will maintain its ground, though the customs of the ancients are *not* forgotten. Hear Harry Flagrant, in his *vastly neat* curriole, salute Lady Amazon, who passes him in Hyde-Park, in a low phaeton—

"It is a charming day, ma'm;—I think the air is wonderfully mild for the season"—

"Quite so, indeed," replies the lady; "but, dear Harry, where have you been? Lady Cassino's party was extremely dull last night—can you guess why I thought so?"

"Have'n't an idea, upon my word. What can you allude to?"

"O! you sly man!—to pretend ignorance!—I have a great mind to tell you! Shall I tell you, Harry?"

"You will oblige me infinitely—You don't know how much you will oblige me. You can't conceive the obligation I should think it! Can the finest woman in England be so hard-hearted?"

"O! you monster—O! you flatterer—do you know, now, you make me really angry. And so you can't guess?—well! however, I won't tell you."

"Yes—do now—have compassion upon me; tell me why you thought it dull, pray now!"

"And so you have not the smallest notion what could be the cause of my thinking it dull?"

"Upon my credit, I have not any conception what it could be."

"I'd lay fifty guineas, that in your heart you are perfectly convinced of what I mean."

"No—indeed—I am upon *my harole*—I cannot discover the reason why you thought it dull last night—I am entirely at a loss."

"Well—you may protest—but I don't believe you—however, not to tantalize you, the only reason why I thought it dull last night at Lady C.'s was—I think I had better keep it to myself—was—now I will not say a word more about it."

"How can you be so severe upon me? Have mercy, my sweet woman—I shall die if you don't tell me,' &c.

Slovenliness, and indelicacy of character, commonly go hand in hand.

O.N TRANQUILLITY.

TRANQUILLITY is the wish of all: the good, while pursuing the track of virtue; the great, while following the star of glory; and the little, while creeping in the styes of dissipation, sigh for tranquillity, and make it the great object which they ultimately hope to obtain. How anxiously does the sailor, on the high and giddy mast, when rolling through tempestuous seas, cast his eyes over the foaming billows, and anticipate the calm security he hopes to enjoy when he reaches the wished-for shore! Even kings grow weary of their splendid slavery, and nobles sicken under increasing dignities. All, in short, feel less delight in the actual enjoyment of worldly pursuits, however honorable they may be, than in the idea of their being able to relinquish them, and retire to

"———some calm, sequester'd spot;
"The world forgetting, by the world forgot."

CLEOPATRA.

PLUTARCH, the great painter of calamity, represents the queen of Egypt meditating on the tomb of Antony, on the means of eluding the triumph of Augustus. A peasant brings her, with permission of the guards who were on duty at the entrance of the tomb, a basket of figs. The moment the clown has retired, she hastens to uncover the basket, and perceives the *aspic*, which, by her contrivance had been introduced among the figs, to put a period to her miserable life. This contrast, a woman being the subject of liberty and slavery, of royal power and annihilation, of voluptuousness and death;—those leaves and fruits, amidst which she perceives only the head and sparkling eyes of a puny reptile, prepared to terminate interests of such "great pith and moment," and which she thus addresses—"Ah! *there you are!*"—all these oppositions, one after another, make us shudder. But in order to render the person, itself, of Cleopatra interesting, there is

no occasion to represent her to yourself as painters and sculptors exhibit her: an academic figure, destitute of expression; a strapping virago, robust and replete with health, with large eyes turned towards heaven; and wearing round her large and brawny arm a serpent twisted, like a bracelet. This is by no means a representation of the *little* voluptuous queen of Egypt; who had herself carried, *packed up in a bundle of goods*, on the shoulders of Apollodorus, to keep a stolen assignation with Julius Cæsar: at another time, walking the streets of Alexandria, by night, with Antony, disguised as a sempstress, rallying him, and insisting that his jests and style of humour smelt strongly by the soldier. Still less is it a representation of the unfortunate Cleopatra, reduced to the extremity of calamity, dragging up, by means of cords and chains, with the assistance of two of her women, through the window of the monument in which she had taken refuge, with her head downward, "without ever letting go her hold," says Plutarch, "that very Antony, covered over with blood, who had run himself through, with his own sword, and who struggled, with all his remaining strength, to get up and expire in her arms!"

THE ORPHAN BOY'S TALE.

STAY, lady! stay, for mercy's sake,
And hear a helpless orphan's tale!
Ah! sure my looks must pity wake—
'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale.
Yet I was once a mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy;
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
And I am now an *Orphan Boy*.

Poor foolish child! how pleas'd was I,
When news of Nelson's victory came,
Along the crowded streets to fly,
And see the lighted window's flame!
To force me home, my mother sought,
She could not bear to see me joy;
For with my father's life 'twas bought,
And made me a poor *Orphan Boy*.

The people's shouts were long and loud,
My mother, shudd'ring, clos'd her ears;
"Rejoice! rejoice!" still cried the crowd:
My mother answer'd with her tears.
"Why are you crying thus," said I,
"While others laugh and shout with
joy?"
She kiss'd me—and with such a sigh!
She call'd me her poor *Orphan Boy*!
"What is an orphan boy?"—I said—
When suddenly she gasp'd for breath,
And her eyes clos'd:—I shriek'd for aid,
But ah! her eyes were clos'd in death!
My hardship since I will not tell:
But, now no more a parent's joy,
Ah! lady, I have learnt too well,
What 'tis to be an *Orphan Boy*.
O! were I by your bounty fed!
Nay, gentle lady, do not chide—
Trust me, I mean to earn my bread;
The sailor's orphan boy has pride.—
Lady, you weep!—Ha!—this to me?
You'll give me clothing, food, employ?
Look down dear parents! look and see
Your happy, happy, *Orphan Boy*.

WEEKLY VISITOR.

— SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER, 27.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, JULY 10.
Sittings before Lord Ellenborough,
at Guildhall.

JACKSON, v. LIVELY.

Mr. Parke stated this to be a case of so aggravated a nature, so repugnant to every feeling of humanity, that he regretted extremely, from the sum at which the damages laid, the jury could not award to his client such damages as the incredible sufferings which he had undergone, must otherwise have procured him at their hands.—The defendant was captain of an African slave-ship, and the plaintiff was a man of colour, whom the defendant engaged as his steward. The plaintiff, and a man of the name of Robertson, who was employed as the second mate, were both taken on board at Janiaca, which they left in June. On the fourth of that month, the plaintiff having gone

down to make the first mate's bed, he was asked by him for some grog, of which he informed the captain, at which the mate, being irritated, pursued the plaintiff, for the purpose of having him flogged, and the plaintiff having said that he would rather go overboard, the mate threw him into the sea, while the ship was going at the rate of five knots an hour. By the exertion of Robertson, the second mate, however, he was saved. When brought back into the ship, the defendant ordered him to be turned before the mast. He then ordered his hands to be tied behind him, and his legs to be fastened to the deck in ring-bolts, for eight hours, during which time many buckets of water were thrown upon him. He was then tied up at the gang-way, where the captain flogged him till he was tired, and then caused the first and second mates to beat him in like manner till they were tired. The captain then brought salt, which he rubbed into the plaintiff's wounds, and instead of putting him to bed, placed him in a turtle barrel, where he was again drenched with water. This treatment was repeated two different days. When the ship arrived at Liverpool, the plaintiff was taken to the Infirmary there, and though his wounds were now healed up, he would never be altogether himself.

Robertson, and the surgeon of the Liverpool Infirmary, fully proved these facts.

Mr. Topping submitted to the Jury, that the case must have been greatly exaggerated. The defendant had been obliged to go to sea, and had, unfortunately left no instructions for defending him.

Lord Ellenborough hoped for the sake of human nature, that the case was exaggerated; but with such evidence for the defendant, he could not feel himself warranted to give a farthing short of the damages laid in the declaration, being 500 pounds.

The Jury immediately found for the plaintiff—Damages 500.

In the island of Madeira it is calculated that there is a priest for every fifty-seventh person, exclusive of friars.

In England lately, a field preacher, who had been a printer, observed, in his nassal harangue "that youth might be compared to a *comma*, manhood to a *semicolon*; old age to a *colon*: to which death put a *period*."

Our theatre will open on Monday evening next, with *The School for Arrogance*, and the *Prize*.

The city inspector reports the death of 44 persons, of whom 15 were men, 9 women, 10 boys, and 10 girls, during the week, ending on Saturday last, viz. Of apoplexy 1, asthma 1, casualties* 2, cold 1, consumption 10, convulsions 1, debility 1, decay 2, dropsy 2, dropsy in the head 1, billious fever 2, typhus fever 4, hives 1, flux infantile 5, old age† 1, sprue 2, mortification of the stomach 1, palsy 1, small pox 2, whooping cough 2, worms 1.

* Two men—one of whom died in consequence of a hurt; the other, a cartman, was killed by a sand bank falling upon him while loading his cart.

† Hagar Johnson, a black woman, aged 100 years.

Correspondence.

Our correspondent "C." will please to accept our thanks for his communication in this week's paper. His sentiments will, we have no doubt, prove acceptable to our readers. Additional favors are solicited.

Our New-Haven correspondent will find us friendly disposed.

MARRIED,

On Thursday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Kunzie, Mr. Isaac Cross, to Miss Magdalen Kezer, both of this city.

At Newbern, on Tuesday evening the 16th inst. Mr. David Douglass, of Savannah, to Miss Elizabeth Pierson, of Newark.

At St. Jago de Cuba, on the 5th of August last, Capt. William W. Bell, of this city, to Mademoiselle Antoinette Cicerou, of St. Domingo.

DIED,

On Thursday evening last, at the State-Prison, in the 31st year of his age, Henry C. Williamson, his remains were interred, on Friday, in St. Paul's Church yard, attended by a large concourse of friends.

At Lyme, very suddenly, Miss Catharine B. Noyes, in the 18th year of her age.

SELECT ACADEMY.

G. THRESHER, FROM LONDON,

Teacher of Plain and Ornamental Writing, Accounts, Drawing, and Marine Painting, No. 13 Broad-street, New-York.

COMPLIMENT CARDS,
Frontispieces elegantly designed, and
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THE ROSE IN BLOOM.

G. Thresher respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has prepared two drawings of the shipwreck of the ROSE IN BLOOM from Charlston to New-York.

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Sep. 27.

LITERARY ESTABLISHMENT.

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* * The pupils are respectable, the situation eligible, and advantageous....a short distance from New York.

Sept. 13.

if

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

Three or four young women who have a perfect knowledge of the TAYLOR'S BUSINESS.—The best wages will be given. Apply at this Office.

* * Three or four apprentices wanted to the above business.

Sep. 6.



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AND ALL OTHER

FANCY HATS,

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At the HAT MANUFACTORY, No. 103

William, corner of John street,

NEW-YORK.

Sep. 20.

W. S. TURNER,

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 71, Nassau to No. 29 Partition street, where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles, that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature; and so neat in appearance, they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method, also, of CLEANING THE TEETH is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging TOOTH-ACHE, his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses; or he may be consulted at No. 29 Partition street, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own, from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years; and many medical characters both use and recommend it; as, by a constant application of it, the teeth become beautifully white, the gums are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened teeth are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY and TOOTH-ACHE prevented.

The Tincture and Powder may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden lane.

FASHIONABLE COMBS.

AN ELEGANT ASSORTMENT

Of TORTOISE and mock TORTOISE SHELL COMBS, for sale at John Barham's Hardware Store, 103 Maiden Lane.

Sep. 6.

3 m

enough,



TO THE ED. OF THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

Sir,

The FALLS of the Passaic have been justly admired for grandeur of prospect. A few days since, I visited this celebrated spot, and received ample gratification from the sublimity of the scene. From the "PASSAIC ALBUM" at Major Godwin's, I transcribe the following handsome production of a young gentleman of this city; I hope you will insert it in your useful miscellany. Your compliance will oblige your friend, C. W.

FROM THE PASSAIC ALBUM.

IN a wild tranquil vale, fring'd with forests of green, Where nature had fashion'd a soft sylvan scene; The retreat of the ring-dove, the haunt of the deer, Passaic, in silence, ro'd gentle and clear,

No grandeur of prospect astonished the sight, No abruptness sublime mingled awe with delight; Here the wild flow'ret blossom'd the elm proudly wav'd, And pure wa. the current the green bank that lav'd.

But the Spirit that rold o'er the thick-tangled wood, And deep in its gloom fix'd his murky abode.... Who lov'd the rude scene that the whirlwinds deform, And gloried in thunder, and lightning and storm,

All flush'd with the tumult of battle, he came Where the red men encountered the children of flame; Where the noise of the war-whoop still rung in his ears, And the fresh bleeding scalp as a trophy he bears.

Oh, deep was the horror, and fierce was the fight, When the eyes of the red men were shrouded in night; When by strangers invaded, by strangers destroy'd, They ensanguin'd the field which their fathers enjoy'd.

Lo' the sons of the forest in terror retire, Pale savages chase them with thunder and fire; In vain whirls the war-club....in vain twangs the bow, With thunder and fire are his warrior laid low.

From defeat and from carnage the fierce spirit came, His breast was a tumult, his passions were flame;

Despair swells his heart, fury madden his ire, And black scowls his brow o'er his eye-balls of fire.

With a glance of disgust he the landscape survey'd, With its fragrant wild flower, its wide-waving shade, Where Passaic meanders through margins of green, So transparent its surface, its waters serene.

He riv'd the green hills....the wild woods he laid low, He turn'd the smooth stream in rough channel to flow; Here at the rude rock....the steep precipice gave, And hurl'd down the chasm the thundering wave.

A scene of strange ruin he scatter'd around, Where cliffs pil'd on cliffs in rude majesty frowned.... Where shades of deep horror embrown'd the dark wood, And the rainbow and mist mark'd the troubled flood.

Countless moons have now roll'd in the long lapse of time Cultivation has softened those features, sublime; The axe of the white man has lightened the shade, And dispell'd the dark gloom of the thicketted glade.

Yet the stranger still gazes with wondering eye, On rocks rudely torn, and groves mounted on high; Still loves on the cliff, dizzy borders to roam, Where the torrent leaps headlong embosom'd in foam.

For the W. Visitor.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

From grave to gay, from lively to severe. ...POPE

SELECT SENTENCES.

How often do we trace the greatest crimes from neglected indigence, and from the sufferings of the poor heart, which arise from its best and most ennobling affections.

Sweet are the hours of retirement and friendship! Far more pleasing than all those which pomp and fashion can assemble round them while the heart is cold and insensible. Oh! why should any body, with a cultivated mind, a refined taste, a pure and tender heart, sigh for splendour and the society of the great and gay? a society which has banished affection out of its precincts. The inhabitants of such a world seem to me, in their most harmless state, bodies without souls, or elegant phantoms at best. Politeness has been defined to be an abridgment of every good quality. But it was the politeness of the last age—which made peo-

ple equally desirous to shew their good will towards their fellow creatures as unwilling to give pain. The one innate and permanent, the other acquired and fluctuating; as unlike each other as is tin to silver.

There is nothing certain in this world but *uncertainty*.

BON MOT OF FOOTE.

OLD USHER, one of the veterans of the Haymarket theatre, praising very much a loin of veal that was on Foote's table, asked him who was his butcher. "I think his name's Addison," said Foote. "Addison!" cried Usher; "I wonder if he is any relation to the great Addison?" "Why, that I don't exactly know, and yet I think he must, as he is seldom without his steel" (Steele) "by his side."

Pleasant Satires.

The young Rosciusses, observes a London editor, now starting in all parts of the kingdom, are so much younger than Master Betty, that this favourite will probably soon appear upon the superannuated list.

A provincial paper says—We are confidently informed on good authority, that the little *phenomenon*, aged seven years, and her six younger sisters, have entered into articles with the manager of Drury Lane theatre, for the ensuing season.—The dry nurse of the youngest, we hear, is also engaged at a liberal salary. Miss —— is to make her first appearance in *Isabella*.

It is with great concern that we announce to the public that Miss Little (the young *Melpomene*) was prevented appearing at the Edinburgh theatre in the character of *Lady Macbeth*, by sudden indisposition. We understand her complaint is the *chin-cough*, which threatens to deprive the stage of one of its brightest ornaments.

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